BOUND BY F.BEDFO

The Tragedy of Othell
of Venice.

Enter *Iago* and *Rod*

Rod. Vſh; Neuer tell me, I take
That thou who haſt had my p
As if the ſtrings were thine

Iag. But you'le not heare me,
If euer I did dreame of ſuch a matter, abh

Rod. Thou toldſt me, thou didſt hold h

Iag. Deſpiſe me if I doe not: three gre
In perſonall ſuite to make me his Lieutena
Oft capt to him, and by the faith of man,
I know my price, I am worth no worſe a
But he, as louing his owne pride and purp
Euades them, with a bumbaſt circumſtanc
Horribly ſtuft with Epithites of warre:
Non-ſuits my Mediators: for certes, (ſa
I haue already choſe my Officer, and wha
Forſooth, a great Arithmetitian,
One *Michael Caſsio*, a Florentine,
A fellow almoſt damb'd in a faire wife,
That neuer ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diuiſion of a Battell knowes,
More then a Spinſter, vnleſſe the bookiſh
Wherin the tongued Conſuls can propoſ
As maſterly as he: meere prattle without
Is all his Souldier-ſhip: but he ſir had the
And I, of whom his eyes had ſeene the pro
At *Rhodes*, at *Cipres*, and on other ground
Chriſtn'd and Heathen, muſt be be-leed a
By Debitor and Creditor, this Counter-C